

# Drake, 8AM in Charlotte (Kanye West diss)

Alright, Adonis, tell me about your beautiful piece of artwork that you sold me

So, it's the same story

So, the goat was running away from the other mon—, from the other monsters, and, and the other

And, um, a flower blocking the way

Um, so, the flower's on fire

The racing car was maybe helping the goat

And there was this, some stairs, who's like a jail stairs

And there was, and there was, um, one person who was like, on top and he got killed by the stai—

Okay, so it's almost like a little story?

Yes

And what is SBW?

So I, it's not a word, but I just wanted to write SBW

Okay, you like those letters?

Si

And what, and-and Daddy's name is next to the goat, does that mean that he's the G.O.A.T.?

Yes, so it's Daddy Goat

Daddy Goat? Yeah

That makes perfect sense to me

And you wanna, you wanna talk about how much, how much money you got for your beautiful draw

Oh, please (Hahahaha)

In God's hands

(Conductor, we)

Be grateful that He was there

Glory (Yeah)

I'm out here on the road

You can hear it in the voice

Ah-em, still get this shit off, though

Look

The money speakin' for itself, I call it fortune-tell

Fire top from a bitch that work at corporate sales

Chinchilla ushanka, we skiin' out in Courchevel

Breakin' news, they tried to kill him, but the boy prevails

I leave for tour and my niggas fuckin' go to jail

Preachin' to the dogs 'bout wantin' more for themselves

It's weighin' heavy on my moral scale

Knowin' they gon' sell another citizen 'cane, they think they Orson Welles

Walk in Chanel, they like, "How the fuck you need more Chanel?"

I got these cats tuckin' tails on fourth-quarter sales

I'm used to seein' tears drop over enormous meals

The restaurant clears out, faint echoes of Lauryn Hill

I say, "We gotta talk about us," I feel like Jordan Peele

Could tell I'm gettin' under your skin like a orange peel

'Cause your words don't match your actions like a foreign film

And now it's silence in the Lamb' like the horror film

Things get quiet after me statin' the obvious

Things get kinky after fifteen years of dominance

That October sky is lookin' ominous

The money is autonomous

Shout' to Oliver North, he out in Rome doin' Toronto shit

And Jeremiah the watchdog, you niggas know what time it is

I'm in and out of Houston Hobby so much, I'm a hobbyist

Hoes waitin' on Cench in the lobby, that boy a lobbyist

Savage got a green card straight out of the consulate

Where I go, you go, brother, we Yugoslavian

Formal is the dress code, dawg, so many checks owed

I feel Czechoslovakian, nigga, what the fuck?

Nah, I'm movin' different right now, for real, like

I feel like if Mike switched out the glove for the pen, like

This shit just too enticing right now, you know?

Look

Diamonds do the silly dance, I raise up the wine glass  
Metal detectors beepin' and security bypass  
The numbers goin' up, someone pull up the line graph  
The days are goin' by, it's like I'm livin' in time-lapse  
Been talkin' to Adel like he majored in finance  
Shania Twain, notepad, I'm makin' it line-dance  
You tryna rob me, and it's gon' feel like you sittin' at your favorite restaurant 'cause, nigga, that's wh  
Mob ties, I swear we like a bitch with fine sisters and fine cousins, the family all bad  
I'm preachin' to the dawgs about cleanin' they images  
I swear I'm like a young T.D. Jakes to my menaces  
Long-kiss goodnight, PDA for my nemesis  
Three hunnid acres, PGA on the premises  
That's what's really brackin' like this verse in parentheses  
I'm givin' hits to niggas on some, don't even mention it

Like, don't even worry about it, like  
You can hit me back whenever, or  
Or don't, you know?  
It is what it is, I guess  
Yeah, hm  
Look

You young boys take some of that money and set it aside  
Not havin' enough to pay your tax is a federal crime  
You niggas obsessed with me, and it's not on no-hetero vibe  
Handle beef so quiet, you think that I'm lettin' it slide  
Next thing you know, we tip-toein' past enemy lines  
Diss me so long ago, we making your memories fly  
Conspiracy theories start floatin' 'round like the Kennedy guy  
I'll prolly hold a grudge against you guys 'til I'm seventy-five  
Ayy, niggas lyin' for a livin', I couldn't relate  
We all gotta lay in the bed we make, but that couldn't be Drake  
You forced a lot of fake love when real ones stood in your face  
That's why you got deserted by your niggas like puddin' and cake  
I got you on camera bowin' down, but the footage is safe  
Thank God, another USB to put in the safe  
Thank God, at the crib, dippin' my foot in the lake  
I swear that y'all turned me into the villain, I couldn't escape  
Not sayin' I'm the best at what I do  
I'm just sayin' that it's me versus whoever wanna lose  
Pick any one of the Who's Whos, I got .22s for new crews  
R.I.P. to the DJ from Houston, we loose screws  
Helicopters, cop lights, and news crews  
Niggas steady cryin' to my daddy, well, boo-hoo  
You prolly heard a lot about the boy, well, true, true, haha

Yeah  
Be grateful, that He was there